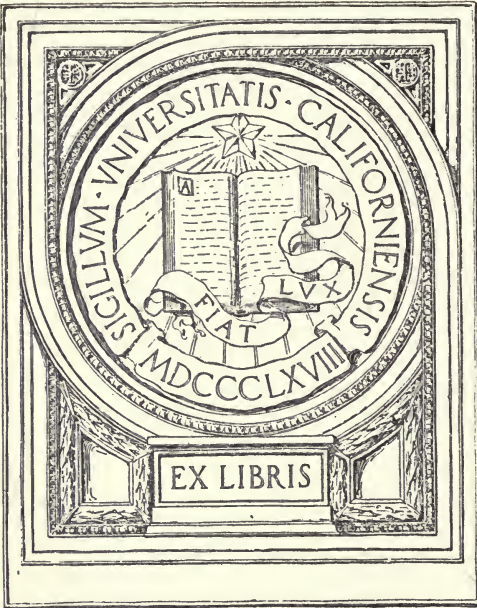


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THE OLD SOUTH.

ADDRESSES

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

Confederate Survivors' Association

— IN —

AUGUSTA, GEORGIA,

ON THE OCCASION OF ITS NINTH ANNUAL REUNION,

ON MEMORIAL DAY, APRIL 26th, 1887

— BY —

HIS EXCELLENCY. GOVERNOR JOHN B. GORDON,

— AND BY —

COL: CHARLES C. JONES, JR., LL.D.

PRESIDENT OF THE ASSOCIATION.

PRINTED BY ORDER OF THE ASSOCIATION.

AUGUSTA, GA.

CHRONICLE PUBLISHING COMPANY,
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ADDRESS OF COL : CHARLES C. JONES, JR.,

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DELIVERED AT THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE CONFEDERATE
SURVIVORS ASSOCIATION IN HUSSAR HALL.

On Memorial Day, eight years ago, my Comrades, we celebrated the first anniversary of this Association. Our roll then showed a membership of two hundred and forty-three. Since that time forty-four of our number have joined the legions who rest on the further shore. Despite this loss, our organization at this moment is numerically stronger than it has been at any period of our existence. I am informed by our worthy secretary that we now claim about three hundred and sixty active members.

Our treasury is in a healthy condition, and we have never failed to respond promptly to any demand arising within the charitable intents of this Association. Our section in the public cemetery is always kept in perfect order, and the graves of our companions who there sleep attest the thoughtful consideration of the living. The interest in the welfare of our Association remains unabated. It should increase with the lapse of time and become all the more pathetic, in every way stronger, as the years roll on.

Uttering the sentiments of my own heart, I should think that every good Confederate soldier, within convenient reach, would yearn for active participation in this companionship, and entertain special pride in acknowledging an intimate, personal association with this fraternity. Potent is the bond which unites us. Most worthy are the objects for the accomplishment of which we are organized. At best the duration of this brotherhood is measured by the longevity of the generation which followed the Red Cross to the tented field. The time is short, my Comrades, and as the circle of our companionship narrows each year, let us draw closer the one to the other, cherishing in loyal remembrance the days that are gone, and emulating the virtues and the valor of those who gave their lives for country and right.

Since our last annual convocation four of our companions have responded to the final summons. Captain George W. Evans, of Wright's Brigade, A. N. V., died on the 6th of May last. On the 10th of the following November private Samuel A. Adams, of Company C, First South Carolina Cavalry, bade us farewell; and in a little while we followed to the tomb Doctor A. E. Dugas of Company A, Fifth Georgia Infantry. Before the year was ended we saluted for the last time our gentle comrade, Private C. S. Plank, of Company B, First Georgia Regiment.

It has been customary, my friends, for me, as your presiding officer, to address you at our annual meeting on Memorial Day, and to commend to your recollection some memory, some valorous achievement connected with our Confederate struggle for independence. To-day a higher pleasure awaits you. Purposing a Confederate re-union larger and more marked than our customary annual convocation, and desiring to impart special significance to the event, we have invited the Chief Magistrate of this Commonwealth, the Bayard of the South, General John B. Gordon, to address us on this occasion. Kindly responding to that invitation, he compliments us by his presence to-day. We salute him with honor and with affection. His eloquent voice and magnetic action will awaken responsive echoes in our expectant hearts.

To our guests who are here to participate with us in the ceremonies and the pleasures of this re-union, we extend a cordial greeting. May the utterances of the hour, the interchange of friendships, the renewal of old and valorous associations, and the revivification of precious memories bring gladness to the hearts of all.

INTRODUCTION OF GOVERNOR JOHN B. GORDON,

BY COL: CHARLES C. JONES, JR., PRESIDENT OF THE CONFEDERATE
SURVIVORS' ASSOCIATION.

Ladies, Comrades, and Fellow-Citizens:

It would be an idle ceremony for me to attempt, on this occasion and before this audience, an introduction of the distinguished soldier and statesman who now honors us by his presence. His name has passed into glorious history as a brave, chivalrous, and most capable leader of Confederate armies—as the peer of knightliest commanders, as the friend and trusted lieutenant of our great captain, Robert E. Lee. By the whole country is he esteemed as a fearless advocate of constitutional liberty, as an earnest defender of the reserved rights of the States. Through the choice of a grateful people he has recently been elevated to the exalted position of Chief Magistrate of this puissant Commonwealth. With joyful acclaim will you, my countrymen, unite with us in welcoming our guest and the orator of this Memorial Day, his Excellency, General John B. Gordon.

ADDRESS OF GOVERNOR JOHN B. GORDON,
DELIVERED IN MARKET HALL.

Mr President, Ladies, and Brother Soldiers :

My countrymen; I thank your presiding officer for his complimentary introduction, and you for your generous reception.

I am physically unable to do more than seek to impress upon your minds and hearts one thought, which fills my own with anxious apprehensions. That thought is this: There is danger that the South may be inadequately represented, or wholly misrepresented, in the future history of this country. Misrepresentation threatens the conquered always—the conqueror never. As remarked by me on another occasion, in the average estimation of mankind, victory vindicates, while defeat dooms to misjudgment and thoughtless condemnation. There is in this truth a philosophy as plain and profound as the laws of human nature, involving consequences so calamitous that every lover of his people should unite to avert them. Should such misfortune befall us, it requires no prophet to foretell the character and extent of those consequences. First, there would follow a decrease of our appreciation of this section and of its people; second, as an inevitable consequence, a diminution of our own self respect; next, gradual but certain retrogression and impairment of our manhood; and, finally, the loss of those distinctive characteristics which are the traditional, recognized, and chief sources of this people's greatness. No more important service could be rendered this country—not only the South but the whole country—than to clearly comprehend these dangers, and to erect firm and immovable barriers, mountain high, against these possible consequences.

Let us do our part in their erection here this morning. Let us strengthen the foundations of our future manhood and character by enhancing the self respect of southern youth. Let us ground that self respect on the facts, not on the fictions of our history. In order to contribute to this essentially patriotic end, I call your attention

briefly to some of the many reasons which should forever secure for the South a measure of full justice, if not of commanding precedence, in American history.

In discussing this subject I shall indulge in no criticisms of other sections. If I know the spirit of this people, or my own, we love our country—our whole country—because it is our country. We would strengthen and not weaken the bonds of cordial respect and fraternity that bind it together in a perpetual union of free and equal States. I shall utter no highly wrought eulogiums, nor even indulge in commendations of the South other than those which are pronounced by the historic records of the past. I shall not ignore the fact that this was a slave-holding section, and that it was the last home of slavery on the North American continent. But in the interest of truth, in the interest of southern youth, in the interest of the whole republic, which must live, if it lives at all, in the affections, the devotion and sterling manhood of all its sons—in the interest of all these I shall insist that, however great were the evils (and they were many) of negro slavery, it was far, very far, from being an unmitigated evil. Lamented by philanthropists, denounced by politicians, exaggerated by the uninformed, these evils have been discussed and the arguments against that institution poured into the public ear through books, in magazines, from platforms and pulpits, until the truth has been obscured, the very elect deceived, and the faith of our children in the justice and humanity of their fathers seriously threatened. For over fifty years the record of these evils, and these adverse arguments have been conspicuously placed upon one side of the balance sheet. It is a remarkable fact that the beneficent results from that institution have rarely, if ever, been fully and fairly presented upon the other. With every page of American history brimful of these beneficent results, we have been too tardy in emphasizing them to our children and to those who have ignorantly assailed us. Of course, in the brief remarks I shall be able to make this morning, I can only present a few of those beneficial results, and with the hope that such imperfect presentation may induce others to undertake the patriotic task.

In the first place it will be admitted perhaps—but whether admitted or not, it is true—that no age or country has ever produced a civilization of a nobler type than that which was born in the southern plantation home, and which drew its nutriment and inspiration from the rural life of the southern people. It was a civilization where personal courage, personal independence, personal dignity, personal honor, and the manliest virtues were nurtured; where feminine refinement, feminine purity, feminine culture, delicacy, and

gentleness expressed themselves in models of rarest loveliness and perfection: and where, in the language of a great Georgian, "hospitality was as free and boundless as the vitalizing air around us."

In the next place it will perhaps be admitted by all, that the agricultural developement in certain sections of the South was almost wholly dependent upon this southern institution. Debarred by climatic influences, the white man, as a laborer, would not in centuries have subdued and brought into tillage the rich alluviums of our semi-tropical region. Let it, therefore, be placed to the credit of that institution that through its agency this section has, in the comparatively brief national period of one century, wrought a mighty change in the world's products, achieved an immense increase in the world's commerce, and a vast augmentation of the world's wealth and comforts.

But there is to be placed on that balance sheet a still greater credit. This institution was the instrumentality, selected by Providence, for the civilization and religious training of four millions of the African race. Who will have the temerity to deny that the native African was vastly benefited by his transfer to America and by his southern service? What friend of human progress would have deprived him in his original helplessness of the patriarchal care and kind government of the southern master, and of the holy teachings of southern Christian women upon the southern plantations, and have remanded him to native barbaric rule? Who will deny that his southern home was the school house in which he was instructed in the methods of civilized life, fitted in God's own time for freedom, and taught to aspire to usefulness, holiness, and heaven? Who will now set limits to the blessings yet in store for Africa through the elevation by southern tutelage of its Americanized children.

Such were a few of its notable and praiseworthy characteristics; but it is gone. Gone forever is that old plantation life of the South—gone with its perennial hospitality; its kindly relations of master and servant; its mutual dependence and mutual benefits; its cheerful service and freedom from care, on the one hand; and its guardianship, protection and forethought on the other; its well clad, well fed, contented Christian laborers; its quaint and merry cabin homes, and thrilling melodies, wild and weird to the stranger, but sweet, solemn and sacred to our memories still. Gone, too, forever we fear, as its marvellously interesting product—our peculiar and characteristic civilization; but that civilization has left its ineffaceable impression on the character of the people, and has infused its beneficent conservation into the life of the republic.

That southern institution, I repeat, is gone and gone forever; and no people of any section of this union would exhibit more relentless resistance to its reinstatement than would the people of these southern States. But it is a crime against the manhood of this people, and therefore against the country, to insist upon its evils and deny its benefits. The God of humanity, who permitted its establishment, sustained and guided it for a century for great purposes, has also permitted it to pass away at last and for the betterment, as we trust, of both races; but those of us who have survived it may not without criminal indifference permit prejudiced representations to become the acknowledged history of that institution in which our characters were formed. Let every fact and every phase of it be presented, and in answer to the misjudgments of the misinformed, let us point to these undeniable results and to the additional, conspicuous, and crowning fact of the general and affectionate loyalty exhibited towards the southern whites by the colored race throughout the war; to the absence of all bitterness and resentments at its close; and to the present prevailing harmony between landlord and laborer which defies all efforts at its disturbance, and is an inspiring prophecy of the future progress, power, prosperity and happiness of both races and of this entire section.

I turn next to the part borne by the South in founding, perfecting, and sustaining free government in America. Such references now cannot be untimely, because it was for this section that our dead brothers enlisted, fought, and fell. It is due to their memories, to ourselves, and to our children, that we group together and 'duly emphasize the remarkable contributions made by this section to the inauguration and support of republicanism in America. The bare facts, though familiar to all, if fairly presented and without embellishment, cannot fail to excite the admiration of mankind, and to re-awaken our pride in the great achievements of this section. We shall thus strengthen our own self-respect, erect another barrier against the decay of Southern manhood, and increase our loyalty and devotion to our whole country.

Let us trace the South's career step by step, through every stage of American progress. What was the first official and conspicuous act leading to independence? It was the action of North Carolina, a southern colony, weak in numbers and resources, declaring herself a free and independent commonwealth more than a year in advance of the general declaration, and inaugurating her State government. This southern colony thus became the flag-bearer of the colonies, and her movement the great land-mark in the early progress of our revolution.

What next? Then came doubt and apprehension; agitation and indecision among all the colonists. Who was it that then came to the rescue? Who was it that wrote the pungent resolutions embodying American menace, and, with impassioned eloquence, sent them like electric currents through all the colonies? It was an unheralded and untrained member of the House of Burgesses in the colony of Virginia.

What next? Then came additional British laws bringing increased British burdens, and independence is everywhere demanded. Who then wrote for the American people their united and defiant declaration? It was a patriotic and gifted young southerner.

Note the next step. Rebellion became a necessity. Separation was decreed and war ensued. It was still a southerner who led the raw troops of the colonies against the trained armies of Great Britain.

But the South's leadership did not end with the cessation of hostilities. When independence was achieved and the momentous problem of free and stable government was to be solved, it was again a southerner whose marked ascendancy achieved for him the proud distinction of "Father of the Constitution."

When the gigantic power of Great Britain was to be met in a second great conflict, again it was a southern commander who led the undisciplined soldiery of this newly established republic to another great victory.

When Mexico was to be met and our boundaries were to be extended, it was a Virginian and a Louisianian, both southerners, who led the American hosts through burning sands to repeated, swift, and complete successes.

Let me now briefly present the South's record in furnishing chief magistrates to the nation. For more than twenty-five years the results of our unhappy war have practically debarred the South from the Presidency, but there was a period of seventy-two years antedating that era of passion and of blood. How stands the record of Presidential services for those seventy-two years? The South furnished Presidents for forty-nine years and three months; the other sections for twenty-two years and nine months. Prior to 1860 every President, without an exception, whose administration was indorsed by a second election, was furnished by these Southern States. During the entire life of the Republic but ten Presidents have been re-elected by the people. Of these ten the South furnished eight; the other sections two, and one of these two was of southern birth, blood, and lineage.

But perhaps impartial history will contain no record of this section more cherished by its people than the acknowledged integrity of its public servants and the incorruptible and religious life of its citizens. It is perhaps sufficient to say for our public men that their record of incorruptibility has never been surpassed, if ever equalled, in the governmental experience of mankind. The irrefutable proof is found in the fact that from George Washington down through all our national life, with temptations ever present and opportunities abundant, no southern representative has ever grown rich in office. This is indeed high praise; but I think it just praise of our public men.

To the private citizen of the South the same general characteristics may be truthfully ascribed. It is admitted that the character of a people is not always reflected in the official lives of their representatives. It is unfortunate for the whole country that in some sections of the union neither their ablest nor their purest men have, as a rule, sought public station; but both the science and the practical administration of government have always been regarded as most inviting fields for southern intellect. The private citizen of the South is a politician in the highest sense of that term. Hence our public men have perhaps been more truly representatives of the people. It is certain that at all periods of our history, our private citizens have exacted of their public servants unsullied records and purity of public life. But whether in public or private station, the personal honor of a man was his proudest title to distinction.

If comparisons were not odious, I might be permitted to adduce in this connection an argument drawn from the United States census for 1860. The statistics of churches, of pauperism, and of crime are eloquent witnesses of the high moral and religious status of this people. The exhibit which might be presented from these official records, which are the highest evidence on such questions known to this government and established by its laws, would not only be a source of unqualified gratification to our people, but of just pride to their descendants forever. This unimpeached and unimpeachable evidence will, when fairly presented, lift this section under former conditions, to a plane of moral excellence unsurpassed, if not unrivaled, in any age.

Nor would the official record of the period during and since the war proclaim this section any less God fearing or law abiding. Indeed, the civil war with all its passions and reputed demoralization tended, it would seem, rather to elevate and purify this people. When, in its earlier stages, the sullen tramp of approaching legions

and the roar of their mighty guns were heard around her borders, and when at a later period her territory was filled with hostile armies, then in all her churches and around her family altars, ignoble passions gave place to humble petitions to the Deity for His guidance and protection. Even in the camps and tents of her soldiers, prayers and praises habitually rose like holy incense, lifting them above the fear of danger and death, and fitting their devoted spirits to ascend in the battle's flame to heaven.

And after the war, with her substance wasted, her hopes blasted, and her soil still wet with the blood of her sons, even then, turning her grief-furrowed face to the God whom she had served, and without a murmur upon her lips, she cried in mingled agony of faith struggling with despair: "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in him."

A few more words and I close. The new and robust life upon which, through the ashes and ravages of war, the South has already entered, inspires our hearts with the most buoyant hopes of the future. Knee deep in these ruins, she has waded through them for a decade and erect in her conscious power, she challenged the confidence and invited the co-operation and capital of other sections; and she furnishes to-day a field for richer returns—more certain profits than any portion of our country. Her doors are thrown wide open and her heart's welcome is given to all who may find homes in her hospitable climate. Her future wealth seems assured. In another decade the roar of her great forges, the thunder of her water powers, driving her millions of spindles, will prove the century's marvel of industrial progress. But while we press to their utmost the practicable development of our admitted agricultural advantages and give encouragement to the spirit of enterprise manifested on every hand, we must permit no decrease of interest in the political welfare of the whole country. Wedded inseparably to the constitutional rights of the States, let us cultivate, by all legitimate means, a broad nationality embracing the whole union of States. Here hangs above us the flag of that union. Let us honor it as the emblem of freedom, of equality, and unity—remembering that there is not a star on its blue field which is not made brighter by light reflected from southern skies—not a white line in its folds but what is made whiter and purer by the South's incorruptible record—not one of its crimson stripes that is not deeper and richer from southern blood shed in its defense in all of the wars with foreign powers.

It is unnecessary, I feel assured, to admonish you in this connection, that the most punctillious discharge of all these obligations to our country involves no infidelity to our past or to its teachings and

sacred associations. We cannot, without self-stultification and abasement, forget the men who fell in our defense in the late sectional conflict. To fail to cherish their memories in our heart of hearts to the latest generation, would be to trample self-respect, manhood, and honor under our feet.

Nor can we lose one of those peculiar characteristics of our former civilization without lowering the high order of southern character and manhood. The great problem of our future is not how to secure material prosperity. That seems already assured; but no amount of rich success, however general and brilliant, could compensate for the loss of our hitherto high standard of private and public integrity. Nor is our political status, however vital to our future, the question to us of deepest significance. No; but the great problem is how to hold to the characteristics of our old civilization, when that civilization itself is gone; how to send the current which so enriched and purified the old, coursing forever through the new life before us; how to relight the old fires upon the new altars. The more we shall be enabled to incorporate into the south's new life the chief characteristics developed by the old, the better, the higher, and the purer will that new life become.

But patriotism itself demands that we shall cherish these associations with our past; and the reason of this demand is, that a self-respecting patriot is a braver, truer, grander man than one who has lost his self-respect. If the education of the youth of the country, North and South, were guided by some such patriotic purpose, it would be well for the future of this Republic.

It was my melancholy pleasure to take part in the funeral honors paid to the North's greatest hero, General U. S. Grant. Every soldier and citizen who took part in that greatest pageant of modern times; every child who, with loving hands, placed flowers upon his bier; and every stone that shall hereafter be placed in the monument to his memory, will but add to northern manhood and northern character. So on the other hand the almost equally great demonstration in the South one year ago, over the living president of the dead Confederacy, was potential in the formation of southern character. Every bonfire that blazed on the streets of Montgomery; every cannon shot that shook its hills; every rocket that flew on fiery wing through the midnight air; every teardrop that stole down the cheeks of patriotic southern women, was a contribution to the self-respect, the character, and the manhood of southern youth.

If, therefore, an injunction could be laid upon this people which could not be disregarded, that injunction should be to cultivate the

self-respect by stimulating the pride of southern youth in the past of this people. Let the proverbial respect of woman never grow less in this section, but let her purity and exalted character command now and always your chivalrous courtesy and manly deference. Let personal probity, intellectual ability, and unselfish devotion to the public weal, be the sole passports to your confidence and the price of your support to public office. Finally, let the great body of our citizens, private and official, let your teachers and your preachers, and above all your public press, unite to create and support a public opinion which shall be enlightened and inexorable, and whose resistless fiat shall forever bar the doors of this section against all commercial methods in politics, and shall make impossible among this people the triumph of mere wealth over personal, intellectual, and moral worth.

ADDRESS OF COL : CHARLES C. JONES, JR., LL. D.,

DELIVERED AT THE SOLDIERS' SECTION IN THE CITY CEMETERY

Meet it is, my countrymen, that we conclude the ceremonies of this Memorial day within the confines of this city of the dead. Right and proper is it that here, where sleep the brave, we should pay heartfelt tribute to the memory of the departed, and enkindle afresh the recollections of their patriotic impulses, noble aspirations, and valorous achievements. Most appropriate is it that we should unite in proclaiming our profound sympathy with, and our admiration of, that holy sentiment which prompts these generous women, each year, to decorate with flowers and hallow anew with their loves these Confederate graves. Heaven bless our mothers, wives, sisters, daughters, and richly award them for all their saintly ministrations. In the darkest hours of the protracted Confederate struggle for independence, how sublime their influence and example! The presence of their sympathy and of their aid, the potency of their prayers and of their sacrifices, the voice of their patriotism and of their devotion, and the eloquence of their tears and of their smiles, were priceless in the inspiration they brought, and proved more effective than an army with banners.

And when the war was over, in tender appreciation of the brave deeds wrought in the name of truth and freedom, in proud memory of the slain, they dignified this land with soldiers' monuments, gathered the sacred dust, cared for unmarked graves, and canonized those who suffered martyrdom during that eventful epoch. Than the record of the patriotism, the sufferings, and the generous acts of the women of the South, there is none brighter, purer, or loftier, in the annals of the civilized world.

“Who falls to save his country never dies,
But leaves behind him an immortal name.”

So spake the heroic Tyrtæus nearly twenty-five hundred years

agone. The strains of that warrior-poet are as true and as full of inspiration now as when his war songs incited the Spartan youth to a manly defense of cause and country, or rallied the Lacedemonians a third time to the charge and made them conquer in despite of fate.

Although ephemeral head boards, indicating the places where sleep the brave in arms, may speedily yield to the disintegrating influences of the changing seasons—though the inscriptionless mounds which cover the accumulated dead of the battle field may lose their outlines—although the proudest monuments of marble and of bronze may crumble into nothingness, the noble spirit which once animated dead heroes is immortal. The soul of patriotism which led them to give to their country their loves and their lives will triumph over the oblivion of the tomb and forever remain *superstes corpori caduco*.

Outside the temples of the living God there is no holier spot than the grave of the genuine patriot. Than blood shed in defense of home and country, there can be no holier libation. There are no crowns so enduring as those won by self-sacrifice. There are no brighter jewels in the diadem of nations than the names of sons who suffered martyrdom in the maintenance of truth and freedom. Honor abides where are found worthy monuments and patriot graves. A country lacking these is a territory without reputation and devoid of moral grandeur. Here and now gladly do we unite in that prayer of the Poet Priest of the South, who but yesterday exchanged his Confederate lays for the Songs of Zion:

“Give me the land that hath legend and lays
Enshrining the memories of long vanished days ;
Yes, give me a land that hath story and song
To tell of the strife of the right with the wrong ;
Yes, give me the land with a grave in each spot,
And names in the graves that shall not be forgot.”

Our companions who are here entombed were loyal representatives of that Old South whose characteristics we admire, whose traditions we cherish, whose manly virtues we emulate. They were born of that patriarchal civilization which guarded personal honor as the jewel of the soul—which shrunk not from acknowledging individual responsibility—which did not, without just cause, remove the land-marks of the fathers—which held commercial integrity, plighted faith, and the spoken word in sacred repute—which hesitated not to render tribute where tribute was due—which tendered to woman homage almost divine—and which exhibited on all occasions a wonderful fidelity to country, to conscience, and to trust reposed.

We are saluted on every hand with eulogiums upon the New South, and with laudations of a new order of affairs. Far be it from me to undervalue or to gainsay this tide of prosperity, if such tide there be. Gladly would I behold this fair land blossoming as a garden of roses. Fain would I see each planter joyous and content beneath his own vine and fig tree. Fain would I have this native air vocal with the sounds of thrift and industry. Fain would I see prosperous railways dispersing the rich tributes of countless fields, the remunerative products of numberless manufactories. Fain would I see the bolts and bars withdrawn from the vaults of our rock-ribbed hills, and the treasures which they contain utilized for the general benefit. Fain would I see our rivers and harbors peopled with the sails of commerce. Gladly would I welcome every indication of genuine progress and substantial development. But, in the midst of such material growth, I would covet a remembrance and an observance of the patriotism, the purity, the manhood, the moderation, and the honesty of the days that are gone. I would still have this beloved South a peculiar people—peculiar in its conceptions and manifestations of propriety, of conservatism, of integrity, of hospitality, of honor towards God and man, of devotion to exalted womanhood. Heaven grant that this New South remain purged of all modern commercial methods. Heaven grant that it prove not the theatre of alien and demoralizing speculation—an arena wherein aggregated wealth may display its brazen power to the impairment of long-established values and the consummation of soulless, gaintful consolidations.

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Exalted in patriotism, brave in arms, wise in statesmanship, conservative in action, was that Old South which gave to the ages, as pledges of her principles and of her greatness, such men as Washington, and Jefferson, and Madison, and Henry, and Marshall, and Calhoun, and Jackson, and Lee. Alack the day when we fail to revere their memories, and to emulate the virtues inculcated by their lives and their acts. It was in defense of home and principles dear to the hearts of these worthies that our fallen companions offered up their lives. In their names, my friends, and in the presence of their voiceful graves, do I exhort you, and those who have sprung and will descend from our loins, to a wholesome recognition and a becoming exhibition of the virtues which elevated their walk and conversation, and invested the true southern character with the admirable elements of courtesy, hospitality, integrity, fair-mindedness, patriotism, and courage. Circumstances change, but the essentials of truth, justice, and manliness, are immutable. Upon the conservation of these distin-

guishing traits of the Old South largely depend the honor of the present, and the hope of achieving for this land an enviable reputation in the sequent age.

Long live this worthy custom of repairing hither, on each Memorial day, to decorate these graves and render tribute to the virtues of our Confederate dead. Long live the holy memories which are here enshrined. Long live the sentiments and the aspirations which were typified in the lives and acts of this sleeping host. Long live the conceptions of truth, honor, patriotism, and exalted manhood which dignified the Old South and vitalized the hearts of our Confederate heroes.

And when the end comes, as come it must, for

“The great globe itself,
 Yea, all which it inherit shall dissolve,
 And, like the insubstantial pageant faded,
 Leave not a rack behind;”
 “When the long years have rolled slowly away,
 E'en to the dawn of earth's funeral day;
 When, at the Archangel's trumpet and tread,
 Rise up the faces and forms of the dead;
 When the great world its last judgment awaits,
 When the blue sky shall swing open her gates
 And our long columns march silently through
 Past the Great Captain for final review,
 Then from the blood that has flowed for the right
 Crowns shall spring upward, untarnished and bright;
 Then the glad ears of each war-martyred son
 Proudly shall hear the good tidings—'well done.'
 Blessings for garlands shall cover them over,
 Parent and husband and brother and lover;
 God shall reward these dead heroes of ours,
 And cover them over with beautiful flowers.”

SUPPLEMENTAL NOTES.

I

The following report of the committee appointed to suggest plans for a re-union was read and unanimously adopted:

HEADQUARTERS CONFEDERATE SURVIVORS' ASSOCIATION. }
March 17th, 1887. }

*To the Officers and Members of the
Confederate Survivors' Association:*

COMRADES—

Your committee raised at the last meeting of this Association, and charged with the duty of formulating and suggesting a program for the celebration of our next anniversary on Memorial Day, the 26th of April proximo, beg leave to suggest and report as follows:

1. That some distinguished Confederate be invited to address us on that occasion; that the oration be delivered at Market Hall, in the city of Augusta, at 12 m.; and that the public be invited to attend.
2. That a collation be served, under cover, in the large hall of the Scheutzenplatz, at 3:30 o'clock p. m.
3. That the regular annual meeting of the Association be held in our hall at 10 o'clock a. m., and that the hall remain open all day as the headquarters of the Association, and for the accommodation of our members and invited guests.
4. That the following committees be raised and charged with the execution of the necessary details:

COMMITTEE ON FINANCE—S. P. Weisiger, Capt. W. B. Young, W. J. Steed, J. P. Verdery, Maj. T. D. Caswell, S. M. Whitney, Capt. W. H. Warren, L. A. R. Reab, W. A. Latimer, Capt. B. H. Smith, Jr., Maj. T. P. Branch, W. N. Mercier, T. F. Fleming, D. B. Gillison, Capt. Jiles M. Berry, Maj. A. J. Smith.

RECEPTION COMMITTEE—Gen. M. A. Stovall, Gen. C. A. Evans, Col. C. H. Phinzy, Gen. Geo. W. Rains, Maj. Ker Boyce, Capt. F. E. Eve, Col. H. D. D. Twiggs, Maj. Paul

H. Langdon, Dr. DeSaussure Ford, Right Rev. E. G. Weed, Col. E. R. Dorsey, Maj. R. J. Wilson, Capt. M. P. Carroll, W. E. McCoy, Rev. L. Burrows, Chas. A. Harper, Rev. S. J. Pinkerton.

COMMITTEE ON INVITATION AND PROGRAM—Capt. John W. Clark, F. M. Stovall, G. H. Winkler, T. M. Goldsby, Jas. L. Robertson.

COMMITTEE ON HALLS—Capt. Wallace I. Delph, Wm. Mulherin, Wm. L. Platt, W. M. Dunbar, Capt. C. A. Robbe.

COMMITTEE ON BADGES—J. L. Fleming, Capt. C. E. Coffin, G. W. Simmone.

COMMITTEE ON COLLATION—Col. W. Daniel, C. A. Doolittle, J. A. Loflin, Capt. F. G. Ford, Maj. W. H. Crane, Capt. L. C. Nowell, J. M. Weigle, T. E. Lovell, George W. Crane.

COMMITTEE ON MUSIC—E. J. O'Connor, J. L. Maxwell, Capt. W. C. Wardlaw.

COMMITTEE ON TRANSPORTATION—Capt. T. J. Bostic, Lieut. N. K. Butler, Jr., Berry Benson, B. F. Lowe, Col. E. R. Dorsey, M. Lettice.

COMMITTEE ON SALUTES—Lieut. John Doscher, Capt. E. E. Pritchard, J. A. Price, Lieut. Richard Summerall.

COMMITTEE ON TOASTS—Hon. George T. Barnes, Col. Joseph B. Cumming, Hon. J. C. C. Black.

COMMITTEE ON SELECTING AN ORATOR—Gen. M. A. Stovall, Hon. J. C. C. Black, and the Chairman.

5. That the President of this association be ex-officio Chairman of the several committees.

Respectfully submitted,

S. P. WEISIGER, Secretary.

II.

PROGRAM FOR THE CONFEDERATE RE-UNION ON
MEMORIAL DAY.

1. Upon his arrival in Augusta his Excellency, General John B. Gordon, will be welcomed by a salute of seventeen guns, fired by a detachment from the Confederate Survivors' Association.

2. At nine o'clock a. m., the Committee on Badges will be present at the headquarters of the Confederate Survivors' Association, in Hussar Hall, No. 846 Broad Street, to issue to the members of the Association and to their invited guests, badges prepared for the occasion.

3. At ten o'clock a. m., will be held in Hussar Hall the annual meeting of the Confederate Survivors' Association.

4. Upon the adjournment of that meeting an informal lunch will be served to the members and guests in attendance. His Excellency, Governor Gordon, will be present and will hold a reception.

5. At a quarter past eleven o'clock the column will be formed on Broad Street, in front of Hussar Hall, the right resting on Campbell Street, under the direction of Capt. John W. Clark, who is announced as the marshal of the day. In the formation of this column the members of the Confederate Survivors' Association, their guests, all ex-Confederate soldiers, the ladies of the Memorial Association, the military and civic companies of the city, the municipal authorities, and the citizens generally are invited to participate.

6. At a quarter before twelve o'clock the column will be put in motion for the lower Market Hall. It will, in passing, salute the Confederate Monument on Broad Street.

7. An oration will be delivered at 12 m., in Market Hall, by his Excellency, General John B. Gordon, the distinguished guest of the occasion and the orator of the day. Seats will be reserved for the ladies of the Memorial Association, and for the members of the Confederate Survivors' Association and their guests. The public is invited to be present.

8. Upon the conclusion of Governor Gordon's oration, and while the column is reforming, a national salute of thirty-eight guns will be fired by a detachment of artillerists from the Confederate Survivors' Association.

9. When re-formed, the column will march to the City Cemetery, and there take post around the soldiers' section. A dirge will be played, a prayer will be offered, and, at the request of the ladies of the Memorial Association, a short address will be delivered by Col. Charles C. Jones, Jr., President of the Confederate Survivors' Association.

10. Upon the conclusion of the ceremonies in the City Cemetery, the parade will be dismissed. The members of the Confederate Survivors' Association and their guests will then be transported in cars, specially massed for that purpose, under the direction of the Committee on Transportation, to the Schuetzenplatz, where the afternoon will be spent.

11. Upon his arrival at the Platz, Governor Gordon will be received with a salute of seventeen guns.

12. The Richmond Hussars, having kindly consented to act in that capacity, are announced as special escort to the Governor.

13. A collation will be served at the Platz, at which the members of the Confederate Survivors' Association and their invited guests will be present. Both members of the Association and their invited guests are expected to exhibit badges in order to entitle them to admission within the grounds of the Scheutzenplatz.

14. Until the column moves in the morning, Hussar Hall, on Broad Street, will constitute the headquarters of the members of the Confederate Survivors' Association and their invited guests.

15. The decoration of the soldiers graves, and the preliminary arrangements within the limits of the City Cemetery, have been kindly undertaken by the noble women of the Ladies' Memorial Association.

16. It is the earnest request of the Ladies' Memorial Association and of the Confederate Survivors' Association that the citizens of Augusta will close their places of business by 10 o'clock in the forenoon, at least for a few hours, so that all may participate in the ceremonies of the day.

III.

OFFICERS OF THE CONFEDERATE SURVIVORS' ASSOCIATION.

President—Colonel C. C. JONES, JR., LL. D.

First Vice-President—Captain F. E. EVE.

Second Vice-President—General M. A. STOVALL.

Third Vice-President—HON. J. C. C. BLACK.

Secretary—F. M. STOVALL.

Treasurer—Captain C. E. COFFIN.

Chaplain—Rt. Rev. E. G. WEED, S. T. D.

Doorkeeper—Captain L. A. PICQUET.

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